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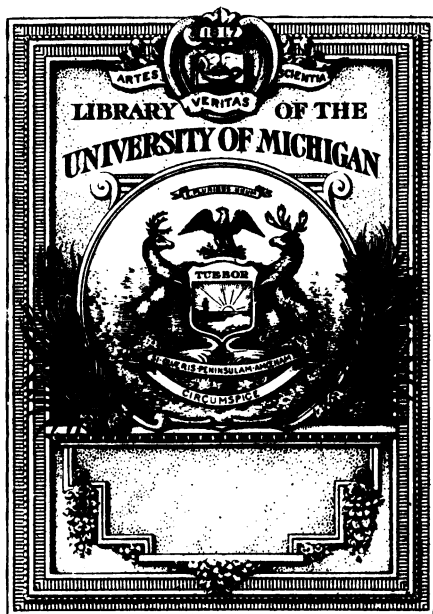
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THE GIFT OF
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P O E M S

ON

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

BY

Mrs. JULIA (NOYES) STICKNEY.



HAVERHILL, MASS :

C. C. MORSE & SON, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

1884.

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JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.
1884.

Prof. James H. Regels
11-11-38

P R E F A C E .

This fragment of a collection of poetical sketches will be followed by some prose-poetic letters recalling the delightful summer of 1884 to some, who love to linger by the enchanted waters of Lake Winnepesaukee, and to many who heard the voice of song, and the glowing words of truth in the Grove-Meetings.

I also offer these few poetic pictures to those who dream of wandering, while on earth, "In green pastures, beside the still waters." There scenes of beauty dispel care, and moonlight and starlight shine on enchanted islands. There morning reveals forms of mountains and forests by waters as blue as the famed Mediterranean Sea.

There Chocorua and Ossipee, loved by painter and poet, fix the beauty-haunted eye. There many a range and towering peak, with changing form, charms the voyager, as he floats over

the Lake of Dreams, till, when skies are crystal clear over the broadening tide, the vision of Mount Washington arouses the soul. There the zenith sun gilds the silver tide and the sunset hour reveals

As fair a scene as Nature's God
Has spread upon this world of light.

There from the brow of "Red Hill," thousands of delighted eyes have watched the lights and shades that symbol

"Jerusalem, the Golden."

There the late winter-snows crown the mountains that watch the coming spring. There June throws over the scene her ethereal bridal veil, till the lilies breath on the fragrant shore. There midsummer flies too soon, till the emerald ferns fade and the pine-trees sing farewell. There September colors the violet waters, till October and the Indian Summer scatter their crimson and gold over the Happy Hunting Grounds, by New Hampshire's Lake of Beauty the crystal Winnepesaukee.

JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.

GROVELAND, MASS.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

To My Father

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK,

WITH THE STRONGEST FEELINGS

OF

AFFECTION, RESPECT, AND GRATITUDE.

ON THE LAKE AT NOON.

PRELUDE.

O the softness of the azure
On this summer noon of pleasure,
O the tranquil sky above me,
Sweet as smiles of those that love me.

When my youthful years were fleeting
Nature gave me no such greeting,
Save that in the haunts around me,
Fair young Fancy sought and found me,

Where, beside my native water,
Lonely child, obedient daughter,
I was in the garden playing,
Never in the wild-wood straying.

Time, the blessed reinstater,
Kept my happier days till later :
Now I see the leaping fountains—
Now I climb the lofty mountains.

Living by this Lake of azure,
Mountain State, thy crystal treasure,
Gazing on the sunset-splendors
When the day, to night surrenders,

Long I watch the shadows darkening—
To the far-off voices harkening—
Peering into fading distance
With a longing, strange persistence,

Tracing many a haunted vision
In those dim, dream bowers elysian,
Where the line that meets the sky-land
Glows like Love's enchanted island ;

Feeling, when the golden crescent
Pours her glory evanescent
O'er the mountains, vast and darkling,
Till their purple heights shine sparkling,

Not a shadow of regretting
That my sun of life is setting,
For this land, in beauty vernal,
Is a type of the Supernal.

JUNE 20, 1884.

APOSTROPHE TO THE BLUE-BIRD.

SYMBOL OF THE HUE CELESTIAL.

The golden lights were shaded,
The misty sun shone darkling,
And all my landscape faded
Where late the lake lay sparkling,
And the gray clouds veiled the azure
That paints Heaven's arch-way dome,
When thou, like a spirit treasure,
Didst come from thy heavenly home,
Waif of the unfading spring,
Thou fair, celestial thing,
Blue-Bird.

Tell me what gem-paved regions,
Clear, lapis-lazuline,
Untold in fairy legends
Sent forth a form like thine!
The wide, blue sea shines duller,
The clear sky fades away,
And the sapphire's quivering color
Pales fast, like the cold moon-ray
When thy wild-wing wakes the day.
Blue-Bird.

For thou, through the ether rushing,
Hast bathed in the fields above,
In a fount cerulean, gushing,
That the hearts of the hare-bells love,

Then down to the dark earth darting,
When the sombre storm draws nigh,
Hast come to my soul, imparting
A dream of the home on high,
A sight of the blessed sky.
Blue Bird.

When thy ethereal essence,
In thy first flight from the skies,
Plunged in the iridescence
Where the throne of Iris lies,
In the three-fold blue careering,
Thy wing was dyed so bright,
That the blue of the rainbow cheering,
Came down from the heavenly height,
And strewed the land with light,
Blue-Bird.

Or comes thy hue from the blending
Of the soul of all things free,
From the sun's fire-fount, descending
To the heart of the living sea.
A softened lustre lending
To the skies of Italy —
From the zone where the birds resplendent
Illume the perfumed lands,
Where the purple night, transcendent,
Darkens the Arabian sands;
From the Mediterranean islands
And the storied Grecian shores,
Where on the purple highlands
The sun of glory pours,
And fair Diana's bands
Bathe by the golden strands
With sea-flowers in their hands,
Bright as thy azure wing,
Thou ocean-lighted thing,
Blue-Bird.

Comest thou from the Arctic mountains,
Whose throne the ice-king gave
By the frozen rainbow fountains
That light the far-off wave,
That unseen polar wave
On the lone, untrodden shore —
Dream of the dauntless brave
Who sails the seas no more —
Whose spirit haunts the deep
Beside the silent steep,
And lights the ambient air
With dust of diamonds fair!
Dream of the living brave
That God and nature gave,
Back to New England's heights
From the long polar nights,
With many a trophy, won
Beneath the midnight sun,
Where violet hues enshrine
A vision, all divine,
With living light like thine,
Blue-Bird.

Or did that bright plume glowing
Come from the shades, that make
Beauteous, the waters flowing
In Winnepesaukee Lake,
Where the hyacinthine splendor
Of Spring's imperial bloom
Pales, when the Summer's tender
Ethereal skies illumine,
Bowers, where unnumbered lilies pour
Their balmy breath far o'er the shore,
Till a dream of bold September
Colors the lake, Elysian,
Till the beauty of November
Brings back the entrancing vision

Of autumn moons on shining waters,
To the eyes of beauty's daughters,
By the isles where Undine slumbers
Lulled by low, eolian numbers —
There didst thou, bird enchanted,
Dart o'er the azure shrine,
And gather, beauty-haunted,
Beneath the hyaline,
That wave-lit hue of thine,
Blue-Bird !

When Liberty, slow-sailing
Far o'er the Atlantic's roar,
Wide-spread Columbia hailing
On the dark December shore,
The will of Heaven fore-knowing
The listening seraphs told —
Saw the tide of freedom flowing
To the sunset gates of gold —
Saw the glorious ensign blowing,
For Liberty unrolled,
The shield wherein the stars were set,
By storm and blood of battle wet,
Beamed not so bright as thine
With hue of love divine,
Type of the unsullied shrine,
Blue-Bird !

When the hovering clouds are riven
And the morning shines once more
With the blue that symbols heaven
Upon this earthly shore,
When the lily-bells are glistening
With the tears of the star-lit night,
And my soul, transported, listening,
Shall watch thy spirit flight —
Take back from the mountain-strand

Take back to the seraph-band
A prayer for my native land,
Thou pure, ethereal thing
With heaven upon thy wing,
Blue-Bird !

THE WITCH-ISLE.

Out on fair Winnepesaukee's tide,
Beyond the verdant shores of Weirs,
Before we reach the Wolfborough side
A little, rock-bound isle appears,

Where, shining in the clear day-light,
Or shadowed by the lightning-blast,
The Captain steers his prow aright,
But near the rocks she hastens fast.

The isle has changed, the phantom-isle
Where sirens lead him to destroy :
The false ones 'neath the wave would smile
To lure us to their home of joy,

Beneath the wave, beyond the storm,
Beside the treacherous rocks to sleep,
Where only mermaids slumber warm
Within the chambers of the deep,

Where naiad-music, 'neath the stream,
From fadeless fountains rises clear,
And wakes a dim, enchanting dream
To wile us to the water-sphere.

The Captain, with a steady hand
Turns from the changing reef away.
When next he sails, the phantom-land
Wears some new aspect with the day.

While minstrel-songs with softest swell
Float far along the listening shore
Till echoes of some sunken bell
Recall the buried shrines of yore.

But o'er the water's silver tide
Where Beauty's gleams forever smile,
The Captain will his voyagers guide
From this strange wile, the wild Witch-Isle.

JUNE, 1884.

THE RAINBOW ISLAND.

Far o'er the fair azure, where clouds without
measure

Lie low on the line of the soft swelling blue,
Where morn will awaken the lilies, balm-shaken,
Behold a new island, spread out to the view,

O'erhung with pure color, with shading no duller
Than the fountains of youth in the southern
sea-islands,

Where Iris now lingers with gems on her fingers
That light up the air on the pearl-shadowed
highlands.

No raindrops come sparkling from shadow-clouds;
darkling,

Transfused by Apollo to diamonds impearled;
No foam-bells ascending, with sun-rays are
blending

To wreathe with a rainbow the visible world.

No cataract falling o'er caverns appalling
Throws up its clear emeralds where Undine
still slumbers,
To be woven by sunlight, or frozen by moonlight,
For a choir where the sirens can sing their wild
numbers.

Yet an island of vision, ethereal, elysian, [tals
Far out o'er the silver, unclosed its pearl-por-
That memory may borrow new joy for the morrow
And the Spirit may picture the homes of im-
mortals.

SHOWERS AROUND LAKE WINNIPE- SAUKEE.

We sailed the lovely lake once more
When noontide lent a fervid ray ;
The sun-beams lit the emerald shore,
White clouds illumed the blue of day.

Ere long the steel-clad waters rolled
Where winds the rippling current stirred,
And, flying past the strands of gold
Low-winged the arrowy prophet-bird.

For shadows o'er the heights arose
And sun-rays hid in clouds unfurled
Save where, like crags of Alpine snows,
The zenith-clouds were light-impearled.

Far-off the northern skies hung low
Though Orient realms were light-embowered
We saw the dark-winged storm-cloud go
Where Ossipee in grandeur towers.

The Raphael-sky of varying blue
Smiled on the rain-swept Sandwich-dome ;
Gem-paved Chocorua hid from view
Where northern gales were hastening home.

And here and there along the shore
Meadows of gold and sapphire shone,
As Eden-suns their diamonds pour
On life's unfading fountain-throne.

Then, lit by drops of jewels bright
That gemmed the purple mountain's crest,
Old Ossipee, in calm delight,
Wore rainbow colors on his breast.

Fast sped the bark through siren-waves,
Glad gazed the voyagers, rapture-wild,
For Beauty robed the mountain-caves,
And all the snowy vapors piled

Where, from the eastern chambers bright,
Shone clouds of pearl, all sun-beam riven,
Till Iris flung the arch of light
Across the lake-reflected heaven.

AUGUST, 19, 1884.

THE THREE-FOLD BLUE.

The blue above the clouds so calmly sailing
Is crystalline as on a morn of May ; [ing,
Long have our eyes looked heavenward, unavail-
To see such pure cerulean deck the day.

Hail hyaline, thy wind-swept dome of azure
Shines on unnumbered eyes upturned to thee!
Art thou the realm of Summer's latest pleasure
Or of the advancing Autumn, bold and free!

Thou sea-blue lake, a dream of fair September
Mingles thy flood with amethystine dye,
Deepening the softer hues, that we remember
Imperial Juno gave, when, wandering by,

She spread her veil of hyacinthine splendor
Over the sky, the lake and mountain-steep,
Hues like the hill-side violet, soft and tender
As infant's eyes when they awake from sleep.

Thou gem-blue mountains, where the shadows
ranging,
Chased by the gales of high, ethereal-air
Make pictures of the clouds, forever changing,
Like Nature's soul that shines forever there!

So ever varying is the land of vision,
When dreams half-picture, in the star-lit night
The sapphire-fountains and the bowers elysian
Of kingdoms fading in the morning light.

THE LAKESIDE MIRROR.

There is a glass, like Nature, fair,
Transparent as the blue lake near,
Which, framed by mountains clothed in air
Reflects the changing atmosphere —

The Lakeside mirror, decked with flowers
That light the sylvan forest wild,
The picture of the summer hours
That lure the steps of Nature's child.

There glow the wild-rose, perfume sweet,
The fair clematis, virgin's bower,
The daisy, white beneath our feet,
And that bright, sea-blue gentian flower.

There shine the ferns of emerald clear
That light the cool, sequestered glades,
When warblers hail the morning near,
From whispering pine and hemlock shades,

Lit by the golden-rod, whose light
Tells that young Summer's days are o'er,
Though many a morn shall waken bright
On Winnepesaukee's mountain shore.

But fairest on the mirror-frame
Shines forth the beauteous water-star,
Whose breath from snowy islands came,
Borne by the morning breeze afar,

While butterflies on diamond wings
Reflect the ethereal colors there,
Caught from the hues that Iris brings
When sun-bright rainbows gem the air.

And there, amidst the rose's bloom
Is seen, the wild-bird's well-filled nest,
Where all day long, with sweet perfume
The waiting mother will be blest.

These pictures, with an artist-hand,
Our Lady of the Lakeside placed,
To shadow forth the lovely land
That Nature with her presence graced.

And here, through Summer's season bright,
Till Autumn makes the forest shine,
The clear glass mirrors forms of light
And smiles of cheer, from love divine,

Where words are said and songs are sung
And hopes arise to fade no more
And farewells tremble on the tongue
Upon this dear, delightful shore,

Unfading as the Lakeside-grove
That shades the paths forever green,
Bright as the sparkling eyes of love
That gaze upon this sylvan scene.

So shall the Lakeside mirror shine
With memory's light from far around,
Reflecting, from this crystal shrine,
The pictures of the Enchanted Ground.

LAKESIDE HOUSE, WEIRS, N. H., AUG. 19, 1884.

NIGHT, HASTENING FROM THE LAKE.

Was it the soul of night
That charmed my rapturous sight,
Or coming morn, entranced, beyond the wave!
The crescent moon shone clear
The ethereal atmosphere
Was pure with breezes that September gave.

Orion led the band
That lit the shadowy land;
The royal planets shone on golden throne,
And all the adoring stars
Illumed their crystal bars,
Till darkness fled and splendor reigned alone.

The auroral, boreal arch
Shone as in skies of March,
That southern skies might shadow back the
gleams,
Vieing with Dian clear
And diamond-dawning, near,
And twilight suns o'er Scandinavian streams.

I saw the mountain-lake
The living picture take,
Till glowed the heavens with light, translucent
clear,
That no man's hand may trace,
Imperial halls to grace, [near.
As earth's grand dream till opening heaven draws

CHOCORUA VEILED.

Scatter the haze and let me see
Thy form, Chocorua, ere I go :
Fair Juno's vail has hid from me
A mountain shrine, that painters know,
Above the blue-lake's flow.

For in the halls of beauty's bloom,
And in the city's picture-shrine,
Thy bowers of sun and shade, illumed
With emerald and with crystalline,
A vision half-divine.

There amethystine shadows lie
When snowy clouds their circuit take ;
There Summer smiles, with golden eye,
On thee and on the crystal lake
Beyond the wood and brake.

When late in June's consummate time
I wandered where the pine-trees sing
Harmonious with the wild-bird's chime,
Where oft the oriole darts his wing
While oaks their branches fling,

I saw, when gliding o'er the wave,
The forms of mountains wild and grand.
I traced their changing forms, and gave
My memory to each pictured strand
In this enchanted land.

I saw the lurid lightnings play
Above the stream in gleaming gold,
Painting, now Luna is away,
The lake, with flaming castles bold,
And lands by legends told.

But O, Chocorua, let me see
One hour, thy sun-illumined crest,
That round the curve of Ossipee
Looks down upon a land of rest,
Like Vale of Tempe, blest !

“SLOW UP THE SLOPE OF OSSIPEE.”

—Whittier.

O what a stretch of wonderland,
Old Ossipee !
A height uprising from the strand,
I faintly see.

Clothed in the lilac light of June,
The woodland steep
Is sleeping in the summer noon,
Ere breezes sweep,

Along the bright lake's silver swell,
Scattering the haze
That hides the rock and forest-dell
From mortal gaze,

Save that a line, in cloud-land high,
Marks Ossipee —
A rampart bold that seeks the sky
When winds blow free.

Haste, noon of June, and let me view
That sylvan height,
As once, when autumn-skies were blue
With crystal light,

I saw the crimson and the gold,
A picture fair
Of late September, wide unrolled
In splendor there,

Till crowned Chocorua, peering round
One view to take,
Looked down upon enchanted ground
And sapphire lake.

O then, some tuneful naiad came
From yon clear stream,
And sung of one beloved name,
To haunt my dream.

With his own songs, who oft is charmed
By this loved land,
Beholding, with a soul encalmed,
This Beulah bland,

While not a passion-ripple moves
His spirit clear,
To whom the Eternal Goodness proves
A shield from fear;

Who dreams of his own Merrimac
With vision free,
And sings its bold and beauteous track
Down to the sea,

And life's long journey, past the grove
And mountain-shrine,
Guided by Nature's heart of love
To realms divine.

BROAD ARE MY LANDS.

Broad are my lands for all the earth is mine,
The living air, the azure dome above,
The emerald forest and the lonely shrine,
From mountain-top to the far border-line
That veils the realms of light and life and love.

The morn is mine, from its first diamond glow
When stars shine pale, and Luna slumbers blest
Upon Hesperian fields of verdure low,
Till glad Aurora wakes the world from rest
With roseate glow, like Monte Rosa's snow.

The noon is mine, when from the zenith glows
The sun, resplendent on his golden throne,
When zephyr o'er the stream a soft spell throws,
And bears the breath of lily and of rose
To cheer the oriole on her nest alone.

The sunset hour is mine, when rivers shine
With pure gem-light, borrowed from every
strand,
When summer evening, pure, transcendent fine,
Gathers the colors, far-off and divine,
That light the pearl-gates of the spirit-land.

The night is mine, when mortals slumber still,
Save poet-seer, and sons of pain and strife,
Whose souls, the dreams of those pearl-portals fill
With hopes, that from the woes of earth distil
The pure elixir of immortal life.

Nature is mine, upon the sapphire sea,
Or in the heart of cataract-lighted woods,
Or where the purple highlands guard the lea
And smiling lawn, from northern tempest free,
Or in the thunder-echoing solitudes.

The homes of men are mine, where love is kind,
Where children smile, and pictures light the
walls

Almost as fair as those once more outlined,
When memory, vanished youth, in joy recalls
To gaze on her enchanted vision-halls.

And hope is mine that in some glorious hour,
Beyond the broad, cerulean sea of time,
My rapturous spirit, winged with rising power,
Shall hear the bells of heaven their welcome
chime
From mountain-tops of that supernal clime.

GERMAN MUSIC BY THE ORPHEUS BAND.

Late unto the lone-lake coming,
Now that Summer shines no more,
While the wild-bees cease their humming
And the woodland songs are o'er,

When the evening, still and darkling,
Hovered o'er the moonless sky,
Ere the planets, grand and sparkling,
Rose in orient regions high,

Waiting, dreaming, calm and lonely,
Soon I heard low music-strains,
Calling love and memory only,
From the far-off vision plains,

Till the notes ascended louder
From a glad, a kindred band,
Pouring patriot-pæans, prouder
Of the grand old Fatherland —

Songs of joy, heroic numbers,
Triumph-tones of hero-strife,
Songs of love, that never slumbers
Through the tangled paths of life.

Then the strains, my heart to waken
To the minor chord of tears,
Told of silent souls, forsaken,
Sorrowing through the lingering years ;

Of a soldier, bravely bearing
Midnight vigils, dungeon-chains,
Ere, the patriot's armor wearing,
Free, he gains the German plains.

While I heard the wild-notes swelling,
With my spirit borne along,
Nature's beauty-haunted dwelling
Rose in picture with the song,

And the lake of emerald-islands,
Where the jewelled mountains rise,
Mirrored all the moon-lit highlands
And the star-illumined skies.

Then the south-wind, softly-sighing,
Bore the music o'er the plains,
Where the mountains, low replying,
Echoed all the eolian strains,

Till the pines, in plaintive numbers
Joined in every music-swell,
Sighing, now that summer slumbers,
Fairest land, farewell, farewell.

EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.

When long ago in days of youth
I placed my willing hand in thine
And brought my joy, my life, my truth,
And my foud heart to Hope's fair shrine,

Into the garden, lone, I stole,
While orange-buds my hair perfumed,
Where grew, to cheer my faltering soul
A flower that long in song has bloomed.

The years have fled and visions now
Recall fond youth's enchanted hours,
When the lone amaranth decked my brow
To shade the ephemeral bridal-flowers.

Now, by this beauty-haunted shore,
Where all the bells of memory chime,
Perennial shines that hue once more,
A dream of that transcendent time,

For thou these sylvan paths hast trod,
And climbed, to view from yonder height,
As fair a scene as nature's God
Has spread upon this world of light.

The rose of June illumines the land,
The lily lights the perfumed air,
But I, for one who clasped my hand,
Will still the unfading amaranth wear

So near unto my faithful heart,
That none shall see how dear to me,
Though lost to sight and far apart,
My early love shall ever be.

INFANTS' TEARS, OR BABIES' BREATH.

Infant's tears, the tiny flowers,
Type of innocence, heart-sweet,
Quivering with the dewy showers,
Soft as babies' feet —

Feet that, white as daisy-blows,
Never touched the earthly sod,
Spotless as the lily-snows
By the fairies trod.

Infants' tears, so quickly drying
Where no sad remembrance lingers,
Like the drops of jewels flying
Flung by Iris-fingers.

Babies' Breath! How wondrous still
In the sleep of beauty calm,
Breathing love, while angels fill
All the air with balm.

Spirits guard the infant's rest
When they press the cradle bed;
White-winged cherubs bathe the breast
Of many a blessed slumberer, dead,
With pearls of tears, that turn to flowers
To clothe the immortal babes of ours,
When their pure souls, the seraphs bear
Through the empyreal fields of air
Up to the gates of prayer.

THE CLOUD-CHILD.

I saw the Empress of the night,
Majestic, mount the evening sky ;
She bathed the earth in splendor bright,
The heavens with gold and silver dye,
And every star due homage gave
While trembling on th' ethereal wave.

I saw the fleecy clouds of snow
Sail from the north, the south, the west,
To catch one ray of jasper glow
From regal Dian's diamond breast ;
One little cloud, the faintest there,
Was to my raptured eye most fair.

It floated on, the form grew clear,
It was the image of my boy,
Slow sailing through the heavenly sphere
On wings of wild, seraphic joy ;—
Away from me and toward the skies
He turned his love-illumined eyes.

Near by th' enamored moon he flew,
A halo lit his golden curls ;—
Along the soft, celestial blue
He sought the sunset gate of pearls,—
The angels oped the crystal bars
And bade him pass beyond the stars.

I sought my baby in his bed,
He slept, as sleeps a sinless child,
He felt my tears upon his head,
Unclosed his hazel eyes and smiled,
Then clasped his hands upon his breast
And hied him to his blissful rest.

But oft I dream, by night and day,
That angels call my only one,
And bring him wings to fly away
And lead him up beyond the sun,
Far from a household, hushed and lone,
Up to the everlasting throne.

COMPENSATION.

I never trod a rock so bare,
Unblessed by verdure-brightened sod,
But some small flower, half-hidden there,
Exhaled the fragrant breath of God.

I never knew a day so drear
But on its leaden sky was hung
Some shadow of a rainbow clear
From vanished joy in farewell flung.

I never sat where Silence kept
My soul from loving friends afar
But angel-wings the ether swept
Between me and the evening star.

And *never* in the keenest pain,
When Night looks down on anguish wild,
Can, "O, my Father," rise in vain
From the lone spirit of his child.

ELLEN TERRY, AS PORTIA.

Embodiment of grace!
The perfumed wayside-rose
Lights thy ethereal face
Where the pure lily glows;
Thy voice, as Echo sweet, the cliff-bound lake-
let knows.

Like Ellen Douglass fair
With eyes of gem-deep blue,
Whose step, through summer air
Light o'er the heather flew
When from the mountain-flower, she dashed the
diamond-dew.

When winter-blasts were blowing
Thy beauty lit the shrine ;
Pearls on thy bosom glowing
Shadowed the light divine
Of sun-bright hair, that crowned that royal brow
of thine.

Who comes in vesture-red,
Arresting murderous hands,
By high compassion led
And laws of Venice-lands !
A form as fair as thine in courtly presence stands.

'Tis thee — thy task is done
And Portia's name is known ;
Sweet Mercy's cause is won
And love resumes her throne,
As morning lights the day, when dark-winged
night has flown.

SUNSET SPLENDORS.

Whence those colors golden
On the sunset wave,
Blending with the olden
Hues, that seraphs' gave
To Raphael's soul sublime, and Angelo the
brave !

When on Patmos Island,
He, whose love is sung,
Saw a heavenly highland,
O'er whose height was flung
Hues that arose to light when vaporous worlds
were young,

All the jewelled splendor,
Every sunlit gem,
Shone with a radiance tender
In the pure pearl diadem
Of her, the bride of Him, who rules Jerusalem.

Now that lustre shining
Lights the earthly stream,
Man is half divining
How the diamonds gleam
On those far, fadeless shores, that haunt the
poet's dream.

And perchance the angels,
All our longings learning,—
Blessed love evangel,
Answering our deep yearning,
Unclose the twelve pearl-gates to light us, home
returning.

LAND OF IPSWICH.

Land where once my Alma Mater
Lured my footsteps, year by year,
Now my soul, in life far later,
Flies to memory's haunted sphere.

Thou my rapture still shalt waken,
Olden town, forever young ;
There I am not yet forsaken
By fond Youth, with silver tongue,